

**AMERICAN DRAGON: JAKE LONG**  
"YEAR OF THE JAKE"  
(777A-224)

**TEASER**

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - (JAKE'S DREAM) - DAY

POV SHOT - as we move down the crowded hallway. STUDENTS look at us and point. Some are shocked, but most laugh.

1 STUDENTS 1  
<gasping, laughing>

We come up to TRIxie and SPUD, who look at us wide-eyed.

2 SPUD 2  
Uh, bro? 'Wacky comic relief guy'  
is kinda my thing. Not that there  
isn't room for sharsies. \*

3 JAKE (O.S.) 3  
Say what now?

Trixie leans in towards CAMERA, saying in a stage-whisper:

4 TRIxie 4  
Jakey, you're a dragon in drawers.

NEW ANGLE REVEALS - DRAGON JAKE is wearing boxers. Jake looks down at himself.

5 JAKE 5  
Huh? But how did I--?? \*

The bell RINGS. Jake, frantic, struggles to open his locker,  
but the handle stretches like rubber. \*

6 JAKE (CONT'D) 6  
Aw, man! I'm late for homeroom!  
<efforts> Can somebody gimme a  
hand with this? \*

On cue, his locker door POPS open and a MONSTROUS CLAWED HAND reaches out and grabs his torso.

7 JAKE (CONT'D) 7  
Yo, that's so not what I meant-AH!!

The hand yanks Dragon Jake into the locker. The elastic gets caught on the handle -- RIP -- leaving the boxers dangling. \*

CUT TO:

INT. CAVERN - JAKE'S DREAM - CONTINUOUS

QUICK CUTS as Dragon Jake fight~~s~~ a HOODED BEING with glowing eyes. Jake's chops, tail whips and fireballs have no effect. \*

8 JAKE 8  
<continuous fighting efforts>

The figure grabs Jake by the tail, ~~nonchalantly~~ flings him around and lets go. Jake comically bounces off the walls. \*

9 JAKE (CONT'D) 9  
Whoa-whoa-whaaaaaa! <impact grunts>

Jake lands on the ground and is pinned by the figure, looming over him. Jake struggles to ~~pull off~~ the figure's hood. \*

10 JAKE (CONT'D) 10  
Show... your... face!

Jake grabs the hood and yanks it off, exposing the face of--

SMASH TO:

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

POV - looking up at a PAPIER MACHE DRAGON HEAD worn by DAD.

11 DAD 11  
~~Cock-a-doodle-doo, Jakeroo!~~ \*

PAJAMA-CLAD HUMAN JAKE startles awake, tumbling out of bed beside MOM and HALEY.

12 JAKE 12  
<girlie scream>! Oof!

13 HALEY 13  
Wow. Who'd have thought a paper dragon could make Jake scream like a little girl? ~~Okay, me, but who else? Let's see hands.~~ \*

~~Haley raises her hand as~~ Jake gets up off the floor. \*

14 GRANDPA (O.S.) 14  
~~Gung hay fat choy, everyone.~~ \*

15 HALEY/MOM/DAD 15  
~~Gung hay fat choy.~~ \*

16 JAKE 16  
~~Gung... Who, what, where?~~ \*

Reveal GRANDPA standing in the doorway.

17 GRANDPA 17  
Happy Chinese New Year! I say it  
to you every year, but you never  
listen. (then) But I bet you'll  
listen to these...

Grandpa pulls out a SMALL STACK OF RED ENVELOPES and hands  
them out. Jake takes his with glee.

18 JAKE 18  
Oh, yeah. 'Cause money talks!  
(holds it up to his ear)  
What's that, little red envelope of  
cheddah? Andrew Jackson's inside,  
and he brought his twin brother? \*

Everyone RIPS them open, revealing CASH.

19 HALEY 19  
Thank you, Grandpa. I'm not greedy  
like some people 'cause money's the  
root of all evil and--  
(looks in the envelope;  
then, under her breath)  
I was hoping for a little more evil  
than this. \*

20 GRANDPA 20  
I'm sorry it's not as much as last  
year. Business has been slow since  
Chick Boomgarden opened his new  
electronics superstore right next  
to my own-- \*

GRANDPA'S POV - THROUGH JAKE'S WINDOW - PUSH IN ON A  
BILLBOARD of a smiling CHICK BOOMGARDEN with a mechanical  
waving arm holding electronics, set on an adjacent building. \*

SMASH IN - on Grandpa's face, seething. \*

21 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 21  
(through gritted teeth)  
Boomgarden. \*

CUT WIDER - as Mom calms him.

22 MOM 22  
It's alright, Dad. The kids  
understand that the red envelopes  
are... (pointed) not about the  
money. \*

(MORE)

MOM(CONT'D)

They're an ancient tradition to  
wish **you happiness and luck.**

\*

Dad nods, putting on the dragon head.

23 DAD

23

G-Pah's red envelopes are always  
**fun**-tastic, but don't forget dear  
old Dad's gift to his Chinese clan.

\*

He awkwardly dances around, unknowingly knocking over a LAVA  
LAMP, a GOLDFISH BOWL and a PIGGY BANK. Mom comically  
struggles to catch each one.

24 DAD (CONT'D)

24

Rowwrr! Rowwrr! Rowwrr! <chuckle>

25 JAKE

25

**Dad's** gift is to wreck **my room?**

\*

26 GRANDPA

26

Aiya! He signed you all up to  
perform the Dragon Dance in the  
Chinatown parade this afternoon. I  
**told you this last week!**

\*

Jake rubs his chin, thinking back.

RECORD SCRATCH TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - FLASHBACK - DAY

People put up decorations. Grandpa proudly turns to Jake.

27 GRANDPA

27

...the Dragon Dance wards off evil  
spirits, so it will be a great  
honor for you and **your** family...

\*

From Jake's POV, we HEAR the volume go up on LOUD HIP-HOP  
MUSIC, drowning out Grandpa. We then SEE Jake nod as if  
paying attention while listening to his MP3 player.

RECORD SCRATCH BACK TO:

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

28 JAKE

28

Nah. Pretty sure you never  
mentioned it.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

## ACT ONE

INT. LONG APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mom is sewing scales onto a dragon costume. Dragon Haley stands on the coffee table as a model, *fidgeting*.

\*

29 MOM  
Stand still, Haley. I have to see how these scales go.

29

30 HALEY  
I'm trying to, but either I'm too excited about the parade or I drank too much juice this morning.

30

\*

\*

\*

\*

She's been doing the "I gotta pee" dance.

\*

31 DAD (O.S.)  
You know familia, I hate to toot my own horn...

31

32 HALEY  
(sotto)  
Dragon down.

32

Haley returns to human form. Dad comes into the room holding the dragon head. He pumps his arm like a truck driver honking his horn.

33 DAD  
...But *<honk-honk>!*

33

\*

He preens around the room with the dragon head. Each time he turns away, Haley dragons up for Mom and instantly returns to human form when he turns back.

34 DAD (CONT'D)  
I've outdone myself on this little *dazzle of a* dragon. *<rrrraaarrrr!>*  
Yep, I put all of my Chinese know-how into this one.

34

\*

\*

\*

35 HALEY  
(sotto to Mom)  
Dad does know he's not Chinese, *right?*

35

\*

36 MOM  
Of course he does, honey.

36

37 DAD 37  
 (calling O.S.) \*  
 Jakeroo, we've got rehearsing to  
 do! *Fai di ah!*

Dad pulls out a gong and <RINGS> it a few times like a dinner bell. Mom and Haley share "what the heck was that?" looks. \*

INT. LONG APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake walks toward the table with a plate of eggs. He calls toward the living room. \*

38 JAKE 38  
 Right after breakfast, Dad! \*

He sits at the table. FU DOG hops onto the chair beside him. \*

39 JAKE (CONT'D) 39  
 Aw, man. I can't believe my Dad  
 wants me to prance around Chinatown  
 like a fool.  
 (then)  
 Hey, Fu, how about you and I spend  
 the day down at the park, bagging  
 on dogs in sweaters? You know,  
 like the old days.

40 FU DOG 40  
 Forget it, kid. Fake quality time  
 ain't gonna get you out of this  
 one. Even Gramps thinks it's a  
 good idea for you to be in the  
 parade. He wants you to get in  
 touch with your Chinese heritage.

41 JAKE 41  
 What? How could I be any more in  
 touch with my heritage? I always  
 get sweet and sour sauce with my  
 nuggets. And watch me work some  
 magic with these chopsticks! \*

Jake picks up some chopsticks and attempts a fancy spinning trick which sends one of them flying out the open window.

42 FU DOG 42  
 I'm not fetchin' that.

43 JAKE 43  
 Do you ever? Point is-- I got  
 Chinese culture comin' outta my  
 ears.

NEW ANGLE REVEALS - Grandpa walking up behind them.

44 GRANDPA 44  
Good to hear, young one.  
(pointedly) Then surely you know  
why I'm closing the shop today?

45 JAKE 45  
(lying)  
Pfft. Of course I do!

Grandpa just stands there, waiting for an answer. \*

46 JAKE (CONT'D) 46 \*  
Uhhh... You know, paradin' and... \*  
making fireworks, and all that. \*

47 GRANDPA 47 \*  
Parades and fireworks are fun, but \*  
there are other traditions more \*  
important to me, like visiting \*  
friends, burning incense to honor \*  
ancestors, and preparing a \*  
traditional New Year's meal. \*

48 JAKE 48  
Okay, so maybe I'm not as "up" on  
all the Chinese stuff as I could  
be. But it's not like I'll ever \*  
need it. I'm the American Dragon.

49 GRANDPA 49  
Yes, you've grown up in America,  
but your roots are in China. If \*  
you forget where you are from, you \*  
will never know where you are \*  
going. Enjoy your dragon dance! \*

Grandpa starts for the back door; a desperate Jake stops him,  
thinking on his feet.

50 JAKE 50  
Gramps, wait! What if... I keep  
the shop open for you today?

Grandpa looks doubtful. \*

51 JAKE (CONT'D) 51 \*  
Think about it. I can soak up  
Chinese culture anytime. But can  
you really afford to give up a  
whole day of business to...  
Boomgarden?

ON GRANDPA - looking out of...

THE KITCHEN WINDOW - GRANDPA'S POV - CHICK BOOMGARDEN himself flies past the window, wearing a jetpack that leaves a trail of smoke. He gives a jaunty salute, then flies into the sky, where his jetpack skywrites "BOOMGARDEN'S!"

ON GRANDPA - SMASH IN on his face, seething. Teeth clenched.

52 GRANDPA 52  
Boomgarden.

CUT WIDER as Grandpa calms.

53 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 53  
Young dragon, you are more  
transparent than Fu Dog visiting a  
"sick friend" in Atlantic City...

He considers Jake for a beat.

54 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 54  
But perhaps having you watch the  
shop today is a good idea.

Off of Jake's look of elation, we-

SUBWAY MAP TRANSITION TO:

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

The busy street and storefronts are festively decorated for Chinese New Year -- lanterns, Chinese wishes written on ribbons of red paper, etc. A banner above the street reads: CHINATOWN NEW YEAR'S PARADE TODAY - 4PM.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Grandpa is there as Jake, TRIXIE and SPUD enter.

55 JAKE 55  
Hey, Gramps. I brought my  
assistant managers.

56 TRIXIE 56  
No. You brought two friends you  
bribed with Big Chug **Freezy Slurps**.

Trixie and Spud hold up bucket-sized **Slurpee**-like drinks.  
Spud happily takes a long SLURP, **then grabs his head**.



57 SPUD 57 \*  
 <long slurp> ... Gahh! Too cold! \*  
 But it... hurts... so good.

58 GRANDPA 58 \*  
 You are sure you will be okay by  
 yourselves?

59 SPUD 59 \*  
 Better than okay! Look, I even \*  
 bought snazzy new uniforms!

Spud pulls out three NURSES UNIFORMS from his backpack.  
 Trixie is confused and holds one up.

60 TRIxie 60  
 Hold up, dawg. These are nurses  
 uniforms.

61 JAKE 61 \*  
 No way. \*

62 SPUD 62 \*  
 Check out the orthopedic clogs! \*  
 Lightweight, yet sturdy.

Spud pulls out WHITE ORTHOPEDIC CLOGS, puts them on and does \*  
 a loud clogging dance. \*

63 SPUD (CONT'D) 63 \*  
 (shouting) \*  
 And with today's rubber sole \*  
 technology, they're whisper quiet! \*

64 GRANDPA 64  
 Aiya!

Jake stops Spud from dancing. \*

65 JAKE 65 \*  
 Don't worry, Gramps. No clogs, and \*  
 if I have any questions, I'll give \*  
 Fu a shout. \*

FU DOG enters.

66 FU DOG 66 \*  
 No you won't, 'cause I'm a little \*  
 behind on my own Chinese New Year \*  
 traditions. Got a few of last \*  
 year's debts left to settle. \*

Fu grabs a SALAD SPINNER off a shelf.

67 FU DOG (CONT'D) 67  
I just hope Big Ernie will take a  
salad spinner for the five large  
I'm into him for.

Fu exits.

68 GRANDPA 68  
Well, young dragon, I should get my  
New Year traditions started as  
well. *Gung hay fat choy.*

Grandpa starts to exit.

69 JAKE 69  
Yeah, Gramps. *Gung hay... chow...  
yuk.*

70 GRANDPA 70  
You just wished me *stir fry meat.* \*

Jake tries to cover.

71 JAKE 71  
Yeah... 'cause you're "wok"-ing  
out. Get it? "Wok?" With an "O"? \*  
*Yo, that's a Chinese joke, G! I'm* \*  
*representin' here!* \*

72 GRANDPA 72  
<disgusted muttering in Chinese>

Grandpa exits. *Trixie watches him go, then* pulls a chair in \*  
front of a shelf of televisions and starts turning them on.

73 TRIxie 73  
*Old man out. Now* let's kick it and \*  
peep my favorite story, "All My \*  
*Shorties."* \*

Jake is right behind her, turning them off.

74 JAKE 74  
*Not today, Trix.* Don't you *get it?* \*  
This is my big chance.

75 TRIxie 75  
For what?

76 JAKE 76  
If I do a good job running the  
shop, Gramps'll let me do it again.  
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

And by "again" I mean **any time I've got stuff** I don't want to do, like that Chinese parade today.

\*  
\*

77 SPUD

77

**But** Chinese stuff is **so cool!** **You got the food, the history, not to mention the many varieties of exotic martial arts. I call mine Spung Fu. &ltkung fu sounds>**

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Spud leaps into an almost impressive routine with an overhead kick, but a shoe lace gets caught in a ceiling fan.

78 SPUD (CONT'D)

78

**&ltscream> Orthopedic clogs, how could you betray me?! &ltwhooooaaaaa!, then impact>**

\*  
\*  
\*

He's flung off the fan and CRASHES into a stack of appliances, boxes and clutter.

79 SPUD (CONT'D)

79

**&ltimpact grunt>**

80 JAKE

80

**Spud, careful man!** You're making a mess.

\*

81 TRIxie

81

Mess? How can you tell with all of Gramps' clutter **junkin' around in here?**

\*  
\*

She holds up several items.

82 TRIxie (CONT'D)

82

**Dude's got** a chair with three-and-a-half legs, a clock with one hand and a um with no brella.

\*

She opens a bent umbrella with no cloth on the ribs.

**ON JAKE - getting an idea.**

\*

83 JAKE

83

**Yo, Trix, that's it!** If we clean the place up, **it'll** show Gramps I'm responsible enough to watch the shop whenever he needs **it.** **And more importantly, whenever I do.**

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

84 TRIxie

84

Say what? That'll take all day.

Jake considers this, *getting a sly idea.*

\*

SMASH TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The doors and windows are open, and Dragon Jake hovers in the middle of the shop, flapping his wings. Trixie and Spud hang on in the tremendous wind as dust, papers and all kinds of debris are blown out with a WHOOSH.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

The kids are loading the last of the clutter onto an old pick-up truck that's piled high with junk from the shop. A grisly old guy in overalls, JUNKMAN SAWYER, leans against the truck door which reads: SAWYER & SON - YOU CALL, WE HAUL. Jake tosses a lamp shade on the pile.

85 JAKE 85  
It's all yours.

86 JUNKMAN SAWYER 86  
Whoop-dee-doo. Junk even junk  
would call junk. Next time, just  
dump it in the Hudson like  
everybody else.

87 JAKE 87 \*  
*But... if we dump it, you don't* \*  
*make any money.* \*

*Junkman Sawyer's face falls.* \*

88 JUNKMAN SAWYER 88 \*  
*I shoulda never quit school.* \*

He gets in the truck and slowly drives off with the truck BACKFIRING.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The trio enters from the back room, and the shop looks great. Fu stands in the front doorway, eyes wide.

89 FU DOG 89  
<nervous panting>

90	TRIXIE	90	
	Hey, Fu. What do you think? Jakey and his crew knocked this out, huh?		
91	FU DOG	91	
	<incomprehensible words>		
92	JAKE	92	
	Yeah, I think Grandpa's gonna be speechless, too. You know, he might even give me the keys to the place.		
93	FU DOG	93	
	(exploding)		
	Are you out of your mind? You can't clean on Chinese New Year!		
94	JAKE	94	
	Why not?		
95	FU DOG	95	
	It's against tradition! You're not just sweeping out the trash, you're sweeping out all of the good luck, leaving only bad luck! And bad luck in a magical shop is the worst		*
	kinda bad luck there is!		*
96	JAKE	96	
	You don't really believe those Chinese superstitions, do you?		
97	FU DOG	97	
	Kid, they're not just superstitions. They're four thousand years of culture.		
98	JAKE	98	
	Just 'cause it's old doesn't mean it's true.		
A MESSENGER FAIRY FLUTTERS in the open front door. As she reads from a TINY MAGICAL PARCHMENT, she flutters dangerously close to a mousetrap resting on a nearby shelf.			*
99	MESSENGER FAIRY	99	
	A message from Big Ernie to Fu Dog:		*
	"Thanks for the salad spinner. My		*
	arugula has never been crisper --"		*
SNAP! Her fluttering wings set off the trap, causing it to flip into the air. The fairy reacts, startled.			

100 MESSENGER FAIRY (CONT'D) 100  
<startled scream>

QUICK CUTS - The mousetrap lands in a toaster slot. SIZZLE! THWANG! Burnt and smoking, it's shot in the air. WHAP! The ceiling fan bats it onto a high shelf, sliding towards an ornate vase. At its base is a plaque that reads: MING DYNASTY - c.1462 (WAY PRICELESS). The mousetrap stops, just tapping the vase. It teeters for a second, then stops.

101 JAKE/TRIXIE/SPUD 101  
<big sigh of relief>

Just as they think it's okay, a quick <GUST OF WIND> blows through the window, and the vase CRASHES on the floor.

\*  
\*

102 MESSENGER FAIRY 102  
Heh-heh. Of all the luck.

Jake, Trixie, and Spud exchange horrified looks as we--

FADE OUT.

**END ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

INT. CHINATOWN STREET - THAT DAY

The street is ready for the New Year festivities -- food booths, arts and crafts, people in traditional costumes, etc. The parade staging area is cordoned off. Floats, bands, Miss Chinatown and Dad, Mom and Haley are there rehearsing in full Dragon Dance costume.

103 DAD 103  
Okay, one more time. Haley doesn't quite have it.

(to Haley)  
Sweetiebunches, **just** try to imagine what it's like to be a dragon.

\*

104 HALEY 104  
(**through gritted teeth**)  
**I'll try.**

\*

\*

Mom turns to Dad.

105 MOM 105  
Honey, don't you think we've practiced this enough? We're wearing out the street.

Mom points to a squiggly path that's actually worn into the pavement.

106 DAD 106  
As Confucius said, "He that would perfect his work must first sharpen his tools." Besides, I'm just trying to help Haley-hoo dig deep into her Chinese soul like **me**.

\*

107 MOM 107  
Like you? Okay, I think we need to talk.

108 DAD 108  
We can talk, but...  
(sotto)  
I just think our little girl **could be a bit more dragony.**

\*

\*

109 HALEY 109  
**All right, that's it! I --**

\*

\*

Mom has to clamp a hand over her mouth.

110 HALEY (CONT'D)  
<muffled angry outburst>

110 \*

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - MEANWHILE

WATER GUSHING! A geyser shoots out of the sink drain. Jake sits on a bowl suspended over the gusher while Trixie and Spud are underneath, frantically turning, banging, kicking, trying anything on the pipes. Fu runs by with a mop.

111 SPUD 111  
I think I got it!

112 JAKE 112  
Okay, turn it off slow --

The gusher suddenly stops, and Jake CRASHES butt first into the sink.

113 JAKE (CONT'D) 113  
-- ly. Ow.

Fu is using the mop to heading off the approaching water from his bowl. \*

114 FU DOG 114  
Ooh, that was close. Nothing worse than soggy kibble.

115 TRIXIE 115  
I don't know, Jakey. I'm starting to think cleaning out the clutter might've opened the door to a whole mess of trouble.

116 JAKE 116  
What are you talking about? The old plumbing in this place has always been messed up. It's just a coincidence.

117 FU DOG 117  
A fairy breaks a vase that's lasted six hundred years, a drain that gushes like Old Faithful and that cricket on the windowsill. Coincidence? I don't think so. \*

Fu points at a cricket on a windowsill. \*



118 JAKE 118  
 What? Now you're buggin' over a  
 harmless bug? \*

119 TRIXIE 119  
 Yeah, I thought a cricket meant  
good luck. \*

120 FU DOG 120  
 Sure. One cricket... \*

A swarm of crickets suddenly pours in through the window with  
 a DEAFENING CHIRPING, hopping everywhere.

121 JAKE/TRIXIE/SPUD 121  
 Crickets!/They're in my  
 hair!/They're in my mouth!/They're  
 in my shorts!

Everyone runs around, swatting at the crickets in vain. They  
 run into the front of the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The kids and Fu Dog run in, followed by the swarm.

122 FU DOG 122  
 <GAHH!> I'm a coward and I don't  
 care who knows it! \*

Fu opens a cupboard, squeezes in and slams the door shut.

123 JAKE 123  
 Dragon up!

Jake dragons up and breathes fire all around the room.  
 Trixie and Spud have to dive for cover. The flames toast the  
 crickets, leaving the place a little smoky.

124 JAKE/TRIXIE/SPUD 124  
 <coughing>

There's a BEEPING noise, and they all look up. The smoke  
 detector is smoking.

125 SPUD 125  
 Whoa. Who detects the smoke when  
 the smoke detector is the one  
 smoking? \*

ON FU - peeking out of the cupboard. \*

126	FU DOG	126	
	Uh, kids? I don't think the		*
	detector's the only thing smokin'.		*
	He points. Jake, Trixie and Spud all look to see:		*
	THE CURTAINS ON FIRE!		*
127	JAKE/TRIXIE/SPUD	127	
	<surprised yells>		*
	Trixie rushes behind the counter and grabs a fire		*
	extinguisher, but--		*
128	JAKE	128	
	I got it. <deep inhale>		*
	Jake inhales the flames and belches smoke.		
129	JAKE (CONT'D)	129	
	<huge belch> Okay, maybe we		*
	shouldn't have cleaned the place		
	out on Chinese New Years.		*
	Fu comes out of the cupboard.		
130	FU DOG	130	
	And you would've known that... if		
	you'd listened when the old man		*
	mentioned it about a ga-zillion		*
	times!		
131	JAKE	131	
	Just tell me how to fix this, Fu.		*
132	FU DOG	132	
	If it was me, I'd try to retrieve		*
	all the stuff you threw out.		*
	Reverse the curse.		*
	Jake returns to human form and starts to head out.		
133	JAKE	133	
	Let's get on it then.		*
134	FU DOG	134	
	Hold up, kid. Somebody's gotta		*
	stay here and cover in case the old		*
	man swings by.		
135	TRIXIE	135	
	Go ahead. Spud and I got it		*
	covered here.		*

Jake **nods, and he** and Fu exit. \*

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Fu come out.

136 JAKE 136  
You think Trixie and Spud can  
handle the bad luck?

137 FU DOG 137  
**Ehh, I figure we've seen the worst** \*  
**of it.** \*

As Jake and Fu walk O.S., we HOLD on the building which starts to violently shake. (The adjacent buildings remain untouched by the magical earthquake.)

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

RUMBLING and trembling, things falling around them, Trixie and Spud cling to each other, their mouths wide with terror.

138 TRIxie/SPUD 138  
<sustained scream>

SUBWAY MAP TRANSITION TO:

EXT. SAWYER & SON JUNKYARD - LATER

Jake and Fu are talking to Junkman Sawyer who's **buffing** his empty truck **with a rag**. They're outside the gate to his junkyard. Behind the fence are mountains of junk. Jake holds a small crate containing a few of Grandpa's items. \*

139 JAKE 139  
Where's the rest of it?

140 JUNKMAN SAWYER 140  
**You kids taught me a valuable** \*  
**lesson in junkman economics. So I** \*  
**sold most'a your stuff elsewhere** \*  
**for a cash money profit.** \*

141 JAKE 141  
Aw, man! But I gotta get that  
stuff back! \*

**The junkman hands Jake a torn phonebook yellow page.** \*

142 JUNKMAN SAWYER 142  
**Here's my buyers.** Check with them  
first. \*

(MORE)

JUNKMAN SAWYER (CONT'D)

Then try the dumpster on 3rd. I  
got tired on account a' I'm outta  
shape and lazy.

\*  
\*

He stops buffing the truck and bends over, out of breath.

\*

143 JUNKMAN SAWYER (CONT'D)

143

<wheeze-cough, then> I shoulda  
never quit yoga.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jake looks over list.

144 JAKE

144

Shouldn't be too hard. All of this  
is in Chinatown.

145 FU DOG

145

Good, 'cause we only got a couple  
hours before the old man gets back.  
I just hope Trixie and Potato Boy  
are keeping the shop together.

\*

SMASH TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - MEANWHILE

Trixie and Spud are on the edge of an expanding crater in the  
floor. In it is a swirling, THUNDEROUS vortex, threatening  
to suck them to the bowels of the underworld. They're again  
clinging desperately to each other in terror.

146 TRIxie/SPUD

146

<sustained scream>

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CHINATOWN LOCATIONS/GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

Intercut between Jake and Fu at various locations and Trixie  
and Spud at the shop:

- Jake and Fu are in a thrift shop where a CHINESE LADY  
admires an old radio.

147 JAKE

147

Excuse me, that belongs to my  
Grandpa. Please.

Jake tries to take it.

148 CHINESE LADY

148

Hai wah ge, nei ge kwai jai! [This  
is mine, you delinquent!]

\*  
\*

Jake turns to Fu, who's just out of view of the lady.

149 JAKE 149  
Huh? Uh, Fu, you wanna jump in  
here? \*

150 FU DOG 150  
<annoyed groan> Fine. Behold the  
international language of "cute  
puppy dog whimpering." \*

Fu walks up and distracts her with big puppy dog eyes and whimpers.

151 FU DOG (CONT'D) 151  
<whimpering>

As she pets Fu, Jake grabs the radio and throws some money on the front counter. They run out. Jake pulls out a list and crosses the item off.

-- In Grandpa's shop, water RAINS down from the ceiling. Trixie and Spud disgustedly stand there in rain ponchos.

152 SPUD 152  
Well, after the earthquake and the  
vortex, rain seems actually  
refreshing. \*

There a THUNDER CLAP and a lightening bolt ZAPS them.

153 TRIxie/SPUD 153  
Yeeoww!

-- Grandpa's old couch is in front of a store. A sign written in Chinese is on the couch. Jake (with Fu) spots it.

154 JAKE 154  
Hey, there's Grandpa's couch! But  
what does that sign say?

155 FU DOG 155  
You threw this out?! It's my  
favorite place to sit and scratch. \*

We SEE a subtitle on the sign: PLEASE TAKE - HAS FLEAS. \*

156 FU DOG (CONT'D) 156  
Come on...

Jake crosses the couch off the list. He then picks up one end and starts to drag it off with Fu pushing it with his head.

-- In Grandpa's shop, Trixie and Spud are shivering in heavy parkas as it snows, giant snowflakes falling from the ceiling.

- Jake and Fu are walking out of a used record shop. Jake holds a stack of vinyl records **as he reads the top one**. Fu crosses this off the list. \*

157 JAKE 157  
**"Dance the Hong Kong Hustle?" Man,**  
**I'm glad I wasn't born when Gramps**  
**was shakin' his bootie.** \*

By the door, Jake spots a COOKED CHICKEN ON A GOLD PLATE beside a CONTAINER OF BURNING INCENSE STICKS.

158 JAKE (CONT'D) 158  
 What's that? \*

159 FU DOG 159  
 It's an offering.

160 JAKE 160  
 An offering, huh? Now that's  
 customer service!

He pulls off a drumstick and bites into it.

161 FU DOG 161  
**An offering for his ancestors!** \*

The angry CHINESE SHOPOWNER **comes out from the back**, shaking a fist at Jake. \*

162 CHINESE SHOPOWNER 162  
 You dishonor my family!

163 JAKE 163  
**Sorry!** \*

**Jake tries to put the drumstick back, but it falls off.** \*

164 JAKE/FU DOG 164  
 Run!!! / <a-goo!>

They run.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - MEANWHILE

Haley and Mom hold their section of the dragon costume. Dad excitedly runs **in**. \*

He holds the dragon head which is now connected to scuba-like tanks strapped to his back. This is also connected to a button trigger in his hand.

165	DAD	165	
	Hello, brainstorm! Familia, get		*
	ready for the ahhs and applause of		*
	a wowed crowd. When I hit this		
	button, you'll witness fifty		
	thousand BTUs of propane-powered		*
	dragon breath!		
166	HALEY	166	
	(sotto, to Mom)		*
	Dial the nine and the one now to		*
	get a head start.		*
167	DAD	167	
	(getting choked up)		
	This is going to make my Chinese		*
	ancestors so proud...		*
168	MOM	168	
	Honey, there's really no way to put		
	this gently... You're <u>not</u> Chinese.		
169	DAD	169	
	Beg to differ with you there, honey-		
	hoo. As you may recall, one of my		*
	many endearing qualities is that I		*
	am one-sixteenth Navajo. And we		
	all know that the ancestors of		
	Native Americans arrived here via		
	the Bering Strait, from where?		
	Asia. And what's in Asia? China!		*

Dad smiles proudly and pushes the button. A huge flame shoots from the dragon's mouth, scorching a nearby booth with a sign: CRACKLE CORN. Their supply of popcorn suddenly POPS all at once, creating an avalanche of popcorn spilling into the street and burying the Crackle Corn lady.

170	DAD (CONT'D)	170	
	Sorry, for cracklin' your corn,		*
	ma'am! Just eat towards the light!		*

Haley and Mom hang their heads in exasperation.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

Green slime oozes out of holes in a wall. Trixie and Spud use every finger and toe to try to stop the ooze.





180 FU DOG 180  
Yeah. What're you doing with his  
magazines?

181 GRANDPA 181  
I hope you're not cleaning.

182 JAKE 182  
<nervous laugh> Of course not.  
Don't you know cleaning is a mega \*  
no-no on Chinese New Year?

183 GRANDPA 183  
Very good. Someone has been \*  
listening to the traditions of our  
culture.

184 JAKE 184  
Hey, I'm all about traditions and  
culture and... whatnot.

185 GRANDPA 185  
Good. Then, I won't have to remind  
you about the vault.

As Jake talks, he hails an approaching cab.

186 JAKE 186  
The vault?  
(covering)  
I know about the vault. I could  
teach classes on the vault. Now,  
you go do your Chinese New Year  
thingies and don't you worry your  
little gray head about the vault.  
Buh-bye now!

Jake comically shoves Grandpa into the cab, slams the door  
and **asides** to the driver. \*

187 JAKE (CONT'D) 187  
(**sotto**) \*  
Here's ten bucks. Keep driving  
until it runs out.

Jake **hands** money to the driver, who nods and speeds off... \*  
**Only to stop at the end of the block. Grandpa gets out.** \*

188 JAKE (CONT'D) 188 \*  
Aw, man... \*  
(shouts to Grandpa) \*  
Just keep walking, Grandpa! \*  
Everything's cool! \*

Grandpa walks off.

\*

189 FU DOG 189  
You don't remember him telling you  
about the vault, do you?

190 JAKE 190  
Pfft. Of course I do...

RECORD SCRATCH TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jake is there with Grandpa who's pointing to a small tin box  
on the shelf above the workbench.

191 GRANDPA 191  
That is the Fengdu Vault of Demons,  
which we must never open on Chinese  
New Year or a terrible evil will--

\*

\*

From Jake's POV, we HEAR the volume go up on VIDEO GAME  
SOUNDS, drowning Grandpa out. We then SEE Jake nod as if  
paying attention while playing a handheld video game and  
wearing earphones.

RECORD SCRATCH BACK TO:

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - BACK TO SCENE

192 JAKE 192  
Of course, I might've missed a  
couple of details...

\*

\*

193 FU DOG 193  
(realizing)  
Oh, no. You geniuses probably  
threw the Vault out, too!

\*

He runs into the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - BACK ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Fu rushes in with the kids right behind him. He goes to the  
workbench where the tin box sits.

194 FU DOG 194  
Phew, still there. That one almost  
sent me to the light.

\*

195     TRIXIE                                 195  
You're worried about a rusty ol'  
box?

196      FU DOG      196

That "rusty ol' box" holds not your  
run-of-the-mill demons, but demons  
so gnarly, they couldn't be  
destroyed, only imprisoned.

197      JAKE      197

Okay, then. No prob. We'll just  
leave the thing alone.

The Messenger Fairy FLUTTERS in looking weary.

198 MESSENGER FAIRY 198  
Hey, all. I've been delivering  
messages all day. You mind if I  
take a break over here on the--

She hovers over the box about to land.

199 JAKE 199  
No, don't--!

Too late. She sits on the shelf and leans against the box. It slides off the shelf. Jake makes a dive.

```

200      JAKE (CONT'D)                                200
<effort grunt>

```

He catches it before it hits the floor and triumphantly stands with it.

201 JAKE (CONT'D) 201  
Oh yeah, who's got his luck back  
on? Uh-huh!

Everyone then notices that he's holding it upside down. The lid falls off and hits the floor with a CLANK. Three vapors stream out and form into THREE HORRIBLE WINGED CREATURES.

202 CREATURES 202  
<evil roars>

They fly out the back door.

203 JAKE 203  
Aw, man.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - A MOMENT LATER

Jake, Trixie, Spud and Fu are looking out the window.  
ROARING from the creatures FADE into the distance.

204 CREATURES 204  
<fading evil roars>

205 TRIxie 205  
After a long day of crickets,  
earthquake, slime, there's nothing  
more rewarding than releasing the  
world's most dangerous demons, huh \*  
Jakey? Did I mention I QUIT?! \*

206 JAKE 206  
I don't get it. We brought all the  
stuff back. Why are we still  
having bad luck?

207 FU DOG 207  
Because not everything's back.

Fu points to the empty spot on the shelf where the Ming vase  
sat before it broke.

208 JAKE 208  
The broken vase.

209 SPUD 209  
Uh-oh. I swept it up and threw it  
in the trash can out back.

SMASH TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GRANDPA'S SHOP - A MOMENT LATER

The gang opens the door to find the trash can nearby.

210 JAKE 210  
Yes! It's still here.

There's a LOUD PNEUMATIC WHINE, and a large mechanical arm  
enters the frame and grabs the trash can. We then SEE it's  
the automated arm of a garbage truck. The trash can is  
picked up and emptied into the top of the truck. It replaces  
the can and drives off, leaving everyone to watch helplessly.

211 JAKE (CONT'D) 211  
I am not loving this Chinese curse. \*

212 SPUD 212  
 Actually, I don't think that's bad  
 luck. It's just **trash day**. \*

213 JAKE 213  
 <weary sigh, then:> Dragon up!

Jake dragons up with the usual swirl of magical FX. Trixie  
 gives him a look.

214 TRIxie 214  
 What are you doing?

215 JAKE 215  
 I gotta catch those creatures **back** \*  
 in the **re** box. \*

216 SPUD 216  
 What **about Trix and me?** \*

217 FU DOG 217  
 Looks like you two have a truck to  
 catch.

Trixie **shoots** a disgusted look **at Spud as they grab their** \*  
**skateboards and helmets.** \*

218 TRIxie 218  
**Did I ask you to volunteer as a** \*  
**"Trix and me," Johnny Helper Scout?** \*

**They** ride off as-- \*

Dragon Jake grabs Fu and flies off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - MEANWHILE

The parade is in full swing, going past the crowded  
 sidewalks. Dad, Mom and Haley are performing the serpentine  
 Dragon Dance.

High above the street, the three creatures are peering down  
 from a rooftop like gargoyles.

219 CREATURES 219  
 <snarling>

In unison, they swoop down.

Back on the street, Dad's really getting into it when he suddenly runs into an immovable object. From his POV through the mouth, he sees a creature looming before him.

220 DAD 220  
Hey, buddy. You're stopping the  
show. Or should I say, draggin'  
down the dragon. \*

221 CREATURE 1 221  
<growls>

The creature grabs the dragon head with a claw. The crowd thinks this is part of the show.

222 CROWD 222  
<excited walla: Hey, check out that  
guy's costume!/Talk about getting  
into character!/ etc.>

Just then, Jake swoops in, knocking the claw away. The creature gets angry and flies off.

223 CREATURE 1 223  
<angry screech>

The action rattles the dragon head on Dad. He's then face-to-face with Dragon Jake.

224 JAKE 224 \*  
Dad! (then, realizing, altering his  
voice) Dad...gum, that's a fancy  
dragon costume! \*

Jake flies off after the creature as Dad turns to Mom and Haley.

225 DAD 225 \*  
Darn tootin'. Aren't you guys glad  
we worked hard on our dragon? That  
one looked so Fakey McFakerson. \*

Mom and Haley exchange concerned looks.

226 HALEY/MOM 226  
(sotto)  
Was that.../ Jake? \*

Above the parade, the creatures encircle Jake.

227 JAKE 227 \*  
Man, you dudes aren't baghead ugly.  
You're boxhead ugly. \*

They pounce on Jake and bat him around like a ball.

228 JAKE (CONT'D) 228  
<impact grunts>

The crowd goes wild at this.

229 CROWD 229  
<excited cheers: Wow!/What a show!  
The special effects are amazing!>

Creature 1 smacks Jake with his tail, sending him hurling into the side of a building.

230 JAKE 230  
Whahh... Umphf!

He slides down onto the sidewalk with a THUD, landing at the feet of Fu who's holding the tin box and lid.

231 FU DOG 231  
I think being stuck in the box made  
'em a little cranky. Walk it off. \*

Jake gets up and shakes it off.

232 FU DOG (CONT'D) 232  
Come on, all you have to do is get  
'em back in the box. One at a  
time. Just pitch me one right  
here. I'll catch it.

Fu holds the box like a catcher's mitt as-

Jake takes off, straight into the mid-section of one of the creatures. It doesn't even flinch and chases after Jake. Jake streaks away.

233 JAKE 233  
Hi-yaaaaa! (then) Whoooa!

From Fu's POV, Jake is jetting right at him with the creature close behind.

234 FU DOG 234  
That's it, buddy. Bring the heat!  
Bring it! Pull up! Pull up!

At the last second, Jake pulls up, and Creature 1 flies right into the box with a metallic CLANG! Fu SLAMS the lid on the box as he's knocked back on his butt. The crowd still thinks they're watching a show.

235 FU DOG (CONT'D) 235 \*

Steeee-riiike!

236 CROWD 236 \*

<cheering wildly/ How do they do  
the talking dog?> \*

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MEANWHILE

Trixie and Spud skateboard around a corner to find the  
garbage truck emptying a can.

237 TRIxie 237

There it is!

They head towards it, but it starts to drive off. The kids  
helplessly watch it leave.

238 TRIxie/SPUD 238

Stop! Stop!

The truck keeps going.

239 TRIxie 239

We can't catch him.

240 SPUD 240 \*

No, but maybe ortho-cloggy can.

He whips off one of his orthopedic shoes, kisses it and  
flings it.

241 SPUD (CONT'D) 241

<throwing effort>

The shoe spins through the air towards the back of the truck.  
It SMACKS a lever. The back opens up, spilling the load of  
trash on the street.

242 SPUD (CONT'D) 242 \*

Lightweight, yet sturdy. I knew  
they'd come in handy. Or footy. \*

The truck drives off as the kids skate up. Spud grabs a  
trash bag and triumphantly shakes it, the vase pieces  
CLINKING inside. They high five.

CUT TO:



EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - MEANWHILE

The creatures have Jake by the hands and tail, tugging and stretching him.

243 CREATURES/JAKE 243 \*  
<growling>/ <struggling> \*

On the street, everyone continues to watch the show.

244 DAD 244  
Okay, the costumes aren't that bad,  
but I can totally see the wires.

Mom turns to Haley.

245 MOM 245  
Honey, I don't know how your  
brother got in this mess, but I  
think he needs your help.

246 HALEY 246  
**Finally!** Being a fake dragon is so \*  
**less fun than the real thing.** \*

She runs off and dragons up without anyone seeing. Dragon  
Haley flies into the skirmish.

247 CROWD 247  
<oohs and ahhs>

Dad points up at Dragon Haley.

248 DAD 248  
See, Haley? Now, that's a  
convincing dragon.  
(notices her gone)  
Where'd she go?

249 MOM 249  
Uh, potty break.

Haley flies right into Jake, knocking him loose.

250 JAKE 250  
Oof! Haley, whose side are you on?

251 HALEY 251  
You're free, aren't you? So,  
what's the plan?

252 JAKE 252  
We gotta get Ugly and Uglier into  
that box Fu's holding.

Haley looks down to see Fu looking up with the box. Jake \*  
looks at the banner over the street and gets an idea.

253 JAKE (CONT'D) 253  
Haley, remember that noodle fight  
we had last Chinese New Years? \*

254 HALEY 254  
Oh, yeah...

255 JAKE 255  
Maybe Snarlie Brown over there \*  
would like one of your noodle wigs. \*

Jake engages one creature while Haley zips through a food  
booth, snatching up a wok filled with noodles. She flies up  
to Creature 2 and dumps the wok on him.

256 CREATURE 2 256  
<screeches>

257 HALEY 257  
Happy Noodle Year, creep! \*

Creature 2 takes off after Haley, who leads him right into  
the street banner. It stretches back and slingshots the  
creature straight at Fu. At the last second, Fu opens the \*  
lid, catches it and SLAMS it shut again before the creatures  
can escape. The impact knocks him on his butt again. \*

258 FU DOG 258  
<impact grunt>

259 CROWD 259  
<cheers>

Jake lassos the last beast with a string of lanterns and  
struggles to pull it towards Fu. Haley flies in to help.

260 JAKE/HALEY 260  
(straining)  
Come on... /Get in there...

261 CROWD 261  
(chanting)  
Dragon! Dragon! Dragon!

Dad beams, thinking the cheers are for him. He bows. \*

262 DAD 262  
 Well, okay, because you all  
 demanded it... Grand finale time! \*

He throws on the dragon head and hits the button. WHOOSH! A huge flame blasts up, inadvertently scorching Creature 3's tail.

263 CREATURE 3 263  
 <screechy yelp>

In pain, the creature rockets towards the box. As before, Fu briefly opens the lid to catch the creature and SLAMS it shut as he's knocked on his butt yet again. The crowd goes wild.

264 CROWD 264  
 <cheers, hoots, howls>

Fu gets up rubbing his behind. Jake flies down and picks him up.

265 FU DOG 265  
 Got 'em all, kid. Good thing, too,  
 'cause there ain't that much fluff  
 left in my cushion. \*

They fly off as Haley in human form approaches Mom and Dad. They're surrounded by the wildly excited crowd.

266 DAD 266  
 Haley, where have you been? You  
 could've picked up a few tips from  
 the big dragon show.

267 HALEY 267  
 I heard the crowd cheering from the  
 bathroom. You must've been one  
 awesome dragon, huh Dad? \*

268 DAD 268  
 (embarrassed)  
 Well, I-- I do try to do justice to  
 my heritage... \*

Mom and Haley exchange knowing smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - LATER

Back in human form, Jake enters with Fu. Trixie and Spud are finishing gluing the vase back together.

269 JAKE 269  
Whew, got these monkeys back in the cage.

270 TRIxie 270  
And we got this baby back together in one piece.

271 SPUD 271  
More like four hundred and seventy-seven pieces.

He pokes his finger through a hole in the vase where a piece is missing.

272 SPUD (CONT'D) 272  
Wait. Where's four hundred and seventy-eight? \*

273 GRANDPA (O.S.) 273  
Looking for this? \*

Everyone turns to see Grandpa standing in the doorway, holding the last piece of the vase.

274 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 274  
I found it outside. Any problems minding the shop? \*

275 TRIxie/SPUD/FU DOG 275  
Nah, easy./Quiet./Snooze-fest.

After a beat, Jake hangs his head in guilt and humbly crosses to Grandpa.

276 JAKE 276  
Actually, Gramps. We did have problems. Big problems.

Grandpa pours himself some tea, surprisingly not surprised.

277 GRANDPA 277  
Hmmm. By problems, do you perhaps mean... accidentally sweeping trash out of the shop, resulting in near catastrophic bad luck until everything was returned?

Jake and friends are stunned.

278 JAKE 278  
Hold up. You knew what was  
happening this whole time? And you  
didn't help?

279 GRANDPA 279  
Some lessons are more fun to watch  
than to **teach.** \*

Jake smiles. Trixie, Spud and Fu aren't so understanding.

280 TRIxie 280  
So I dug through trash...

281 SPUD 281  
...and I licked slime...

282 FU DOG 282  
...and I **had my crippling fear of** \*  
**crickets exposed...** \*

283 TRIxie 283  
...just so Jakey **could learn a** \*  
**lesson about his culture?** \*

Grandpa shrugs.

284 GRANDPA 284  
**I only said it was fun for Grandpa.** \*

Grandpa gathers the friends, gesturing towards the stairs.

285 GRANDPA (CONT'D) 285  
**But come now.** It is time for the \*  
best part of the New Year  
celebration...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - ROOFTOP - EVENING

Everyone is there watching a brilliant firework display light  
up the Manhattan skyline.

286 DAD 286  
Hey, Jakeroo, you should've seen  
the Dragon Dance. The crowd loved  
this Chinese guy.

Dad points to himself. Jake smiles warmly.

287 JAKE 287  
How could they not?

Mom puts her arm around Jake.

288 MOM 288  
I'm surprised you're here, Jake.

289 JAKE 289  
Yeah, I thought I'd check out what  
the big deal is about Chinese New  
Year.

Jake turns to Grandpa and smiles.

290 JAKE (CONT'D) 290  
Sorry for not listening to you,  
Gramps.

291 GRANDPA 291  
I understand. I must admit, there  
are times when I don't listen well,  
either. \*

RECORD SCRATCH TO:

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - FLASHBACK - DAY

Grandpa is there with Jake, who's in mid-conversation and has  
his skateboard.

292 JAKE 292  
You should've seen it, G! It was  
kind of a backflip into a one-  
eighty ollie with a --

From Grandpa's POV, we HEAR the volume go up on LOUD CANTON \*  
OPERA, drowning Jake out. Grandpa nods as if paying  
attention while he listens to his MP3 player.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW

TAG

INT. GRANDPA'S SHOP - DAY

OTS JAKE - Grandpa sits behind the counter listening to CANTON OPERA on his MP3 player. The music can be faintly HEARD while we HEAR Jake ramble on and on. *(I'm thinking we can use as much cycled animation of Grandpa nodding as possible without it looking crappy.)* \*

293 JAKE (O.S.)

293

...And did you know on Chinese New Year, you're supposed to put out lychee nuts to help the family get along? I don't know what lychee nuts are, but I think we should definitely put 'em out next year...

Grandpa smiles and nods as if he's paying attention.

294 JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

294

Oh, and did you know washing your hair is bad luck, too? Maybe that's why Spud only does it on Sunday. And did you know those red envelopes are sometimes called *lai see*? Like "lazy," which should be easy for you to say since that's what you always call me...

Grandpa keeps smiling and nodding.

295 JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

295

Gramps, are you even listening to me? (beat) Gramps?

Grandpa continues smiling and nodding. Meanwhile, the CANTON OPERA gets louder and louder, drowning out Jake completely. \*

FADE OUT.

END TAG